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TAYLOR UNIVERSITY

Echo

VOL. 1. UPLAND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 1, 1913. NO. 3

My Young Man - An Ideal

MY young man is strong-limbed, red-blooded, possessed of but not by real physical strength, not ashamed of the soil of honest toil, nor his love for little children. He delights in the shock of battle, whether it be on the gridiron or in the moral conflicts of life, yet is tender as a woman with those in trouble, with a heart stirred to sympathetic action by any case of human need, and his life devoted to the service and good of others. A man of brains and a willingness to use them, no matter how iconoclastic may be the results to his gods of prejudice; able to appreciate beauty, whether in nature, life or truth, and to discriminate as to real worth, with a true sense of the proportionate value of things; a young man who sees visions and is true to them; a world citizen of this world and the next.

He is clean of life, and respects in deed, thought and story all womanhood even as he respects his mother; a manly man, virile in his ideals, uncompromising with evil; the joy of his mother, the pride of his father, worthy to win the love and life of any pure young woman; on his face before but standing four square before his fellow-men; his soul unwasted by the cark of coin, unspotted by bad habits of thought or action, but brightly aflame with the love of God.

Entered as second class matter Oct. 15, 1913, at post office at Upland, Ind. under Act of Mar. 3, 1879

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EDITORIAL

Preparedness

When Theodore Roosevelt was made Assistant Sec. of the Navy he at once asked Congress for \$800,000 for ammunition. The request was granted, the appropriation made. It was but a short time till Roosevelt again asked for an appropriation, this time for \$500,000. When asked what he had done with the \$800,000 he answered, "Every bit of it has been used for practice." When they again asked him what he expected to do with the \$500,000 if it was granted. He answered, "I expect to spend it all in practice." Is it any wonder, therefore, that the Spanish Fleet

was riddled by the American guns and that it took but two naval battles to spread the fame of the American gunmen around the world?

Back of every step of progress stands preparation. The prepared man is ever being promoted. The unprepared is seeking a job or growling because he is not promoted. The man seeking for work and knows not what he can do is never in demand. The man who is prepared is repeatedly refusing to accept offered positions. With open arms, the churches receive the prepared man. District Superintendents, Bishops and Colleges, all, with one accord hail the advent of the prepared man. In the world of keen competition, only the prepared man finds his place, fills it and keeps it.

The universal cry is for prepared leadership. The Republican party stands today with open arms, looking everywhere for a man great enough, who is prepared to reunite its shattered remnants. The Progressives are looking for a general who is able to wrest the victory from the enemy on the field of Armageddon. The Democrats proud of their Leader are already looking about for a man great enough to be the next successful Standard Bearer of their party which is discordant with standpat and progress-

ive factions.

The Prohibitionists are praying
for a man of towering strength,
tremendous courage and unfalter-
ing faith, who shall be able to
lead their depleted ranks to unit-
ed conquest and certain victory.
God Himself is looking for a mod-
ern Moses who can lead the
church of Christ out of its eccle-
siastical bondage of destructive
higher criticism, that the unsav-
ed millions of earth might once
more gaze upon a risen church,
a risen Christ and believe and be
saved.

A Warning to Young Men

Our modern girls are talented
In fifty-seven ways;
I'm full of admiration when
I watch their skillful plays.

One damsel wears her brother's clothes
And at the tennis court
Convinces all the lookers-on
That she's a nifty sort.

Another drives a motor car
With wondrous grace and ease,
(She goes a-flying up the road
And shames the lagging breeze.)

Another takes her fountain pen
And writes a gripping book;
They are all wonders in their ways
But mighty few can cook!

I read of girls on aeroplanes,
And girls who practice law;
And dentist girls who did the teeth
From out your aching jaw.

And preacher girls, and painter girls
Are everywhere I look;
They're demonstrating lots of things—

But mighty few can cook.

And in a million homes good
Grub is being spoiled,
And wives are busy frying things
Which rightly should be boiled.

They're busy making loaves of bread
As hard as brick or stone;
They ruin everything they touch,
While heart-sick husbands groan.

They do not know a chicken
From a buzzard or a rook;
They're great on elocution, but
They don't know how to cook.

Oh, I am full of sympathy,
My good old bosom aches
For husbands who must fill themselves
With charred and stingy steaks,

Who once had dreams of pleasant home
And cheerful inglenook,
And hooked up with the gifted girls
Who never learned to cook.

—Walt Mason.

The Cigarette

"I am not much of a mathema-
tician" said the cigarette, "but
I can add to a man's nervous
troubles; I can subtract from his
physical energy; I can multiply
his aches and pains: I can di-
vide his mental powers, can take
interest from his work, and dis-
count his chances for success."

—Exchange.

Lives of rhymsters oft remind us
We may waste a lot of time
And departing leave behind us
Reams of unaccepted rhyme.

—J. W. K

Alumni and Former Students

Ray Browning writes from the West V. Wesleyan, "I expect to be back in Taylor for the winter term." Here is welcome to you Browning.

Rev. Glen Jacobs, A. B. 1909, and now pastor at Roanoke, True S. Haddock, Academy 1912, pastor at Salamonia, C. B. Thomas, pastor of Gilliad and B. M. Bechdolt, pastor at Center, recently paid T. U. a brief visit when on their way to Red Key for mid-year examinations and Ministerial Association.

L. Chester Lewis writes from Mansfield, O. saying, "My dream is realized, Taylor has a college paper."

Dr. Palmer, pastor at Frankton, Ind., began a revival on the 5th inst. He called his Official Board together beforehand and planned for the campaign. His Board pledged their assistance. The Church is doing excellent work. Recently a new piano was placed in the church, and other improvements have been made. This is the way he reminds his people of their duty to Christ and the Church.

—Western Christian Advocate

Dr. Palmer, it will be remembered, received his B. D. from Taylor in 1901 and his D. D. in

1907.

"The one part of the program in which the greatest amount of interest was manifest was the report of the district missionary secretary, the Rev. Jas. A. Sprague, of Main Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Kokomo. He spoke of the work and of the prospect of a great increase in the interest of missions. The compliments paid and the encouraging advice given to the preachers by this enthusiastic man were much appreciated by all present." Thus reads the report of the Logansport Ministerial Association reported to the Western Christian Advocate. Bro. Sprague is one of Taylor's best beloved sons.

Miss Flora Brook, A. B. 1913, has accepted a position as teacher at Castleton, Indiana.

James A. Sprague, Theological of 1905 who entered the North Indiana Conference at Kokomo, 1911, had charge of the music at the State Convention of the W. C. T. U., which was recently held at South Bend.

Just think of "Shortie" Kevan playing the part of the "birch-wielder" at Wingate Indiana.

J. D. Elmendorf, Asst. Sec. of the Y. M. C. A., Derby, Conn., sends his subscription and best wishes. He may contribute an article on Y. M. C. A. work later.

Taylor Echoes

L. B. Compton, Supt. of the Elida Orphanage, Ashville, N. C., and one of the leading holiness evangelists of the country, recently brought his daughter to T. U. where she expects to pursue her education. Bro. Compton expressed himself in highest terms in regard to the intellectual and spiritual standard of our college.

"You are mine aren't you? C. C. Fruth."

The above quotation was found on a slip of paper the other day. For lack of information we can not explain.

Dr. Ridout in the class studying Masterpieces read the following—"Say first Heaven hides
nothing from thy view,

Nor the deep tract of hell—says
first what cause

Moved our grand parents, in that
happy state,

Favored of Heaven so highly, to
fall off

From their Creator, and trans-
gress his will

For one restraint, lords of the
World besides.

Who first seduced them to that
foul revolt?"

Clearing his throat, Dr. Ridout added, "Mr. Eason."

Revival services are in progress at the College Chapel each even-

ing and the students are being saved and sanctified.

One of the professors made a slight mistake the other day when calling upon Miss Regester to read. He called her Miss Eason. Who can explain the mystery of mental phenomena?

Christensen has begun a revival meeting on his student charge in Marion.

Professor Wray had charge of the "Bible and Evangelistic" services at the State Convention of the W. C. T. U. which was recently held at South Bend.

We have received word from Prof. Shaw to the effect that he expects to be home for Commencement.

We hear it frequently stated that of all the lady speakers people have ever heard, Mrs. Culla J. Vayhinger, State President of the W. C. T. U., beats them all. Well may we be proud of her as the wife of our College President.

Our college dining hall is becoming more and more noted as a place for social development; some are making rapid progress. The following conversation is said to have taken place recently: Miss Draper—"Mr. Davis, why do you English spell parlor, p-a-r-l-o-w-r, while we spell it p-a-r-l-o-r?"

Mr. Davis, artfully: "Because we want *w* in it."

The Literary Societies and Debating Clubs have dismissed during revival meetings.

At the Pleasant Grove Church on Rev. R. I. Stone's charge, a beautiful sacred cantata, entitled Simon Jasper, was rendered on Tuesday evening Oct. 21, by a choir of thirty voices. The solos were rendered by Mr. Roy Knight and Mrs. Florence E. Williams, an old Taylor student and Thalonian.

Mr. Durkee of Chicago was here over Sunday visiting at Taylor University. He has provided the funds to educate an orphan Chinese boy at Taylor University and the young man still in China has been notified of the opportunity.

—Upland Monitor.

Rev. A. C. Hoover was recently looking after his property interests and meeting old friends. Bro. Hoover closed a meeting Sunday, Oct. 19, which resulted in a good number of conversions.

At a recent call meeting of the Volunteer Band, Mr. F. W. Godwin was elected as delegate to the National Convention of Missionary Volunteers to be held in Kansas City, Dec. 31—Jan. 4.

On Saturday morning, Oct. 25 at 8 o'clock. Rev. Stone officiated at the wedding of one of his parishoners, Miss Ella Bowman, and

Mr. Gothard Holen of Cody, Wyoming. After the ceremony, a very dainty wedding breakfast was served.

Drs. Vayhinger, Ridout, Wray and Long are attending the National Holiness Convention, which is being held in the First Church of the Nazarene, Chicago.

Mr Robert Morris is leading the singing and doing the solo work at a series of Revival services being held in the Presbyterian Church at Hartford City. Dr. A. C. V. Skinner of Grace Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis is the Evangelist.

On Wednesday morning our Chapel exercises were conducted by Dr. A. C. V. Skinner. He spoke on the theme, "The End of an Education" taking as his text, "That I may know—Him."

Mrs. Culla J. Vayhinger is attending the National W. C. T. U. Convention at Ocean Grove and will attend the World's Convention of the W. C. T. U. at Brooklyn before she returns. At the recent State Convention of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Vayhinger was elected as a delegate to the World's Convention.

Professor I. B. Peavy has purchased the property of Mrs. Griffin. It is evident that Professor Peavy sees a great future for Taylor, else he would not invest

so extensively and heavily.

Miss Magnuson has been doing the kitchen work belonging to Miss Brooks. We understand Miss Magnuson wishes to become familiar with domestic duties.

Our genial friend, Newton Fields, has made some good improvements on his property, putting in cement walks and other conveniences.

Mrs. Chas. P. Culver is visiting her parents in Kansas, at present. Cheer up, Chas. P., she said she would come back.

Dr. Vayingher has spent considerable time in the east attending the National Convention of Local Preachers and looking after the interests of Taylor.

O. E. Holmes and Jno. Vickery have installed electric lights in their respective places of business.

The Sinner's Cry

Down in the pit of the mire and
the clay,

Heart-sore and weary, I lay in
my sin,

Waiting like one at Bethesda of
old.

Loudly I cried to the Healer Di-
vine,

"Wash my vile heart in thy sin-
cleansing flow;

"Purge me with hyssop and I

shall be clean,

Wash me and I shall be whiter
than snow."

Jesus was listening and heard
my sad cry,

Waiting my penitent heart to
receive;

Gladly he blessed me with par-
doning grace,

When I was willing on Him to
believe.

Oh how his mercy streamed into
my soul

When I called out from the
depths of my woe;

"Purge me with hyssop and I
shall be clean,

Wash me and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Ho, every one that is thirsty,
draw nigh;

Come ye, and buy without silver
or gold;

Come, all polluted and burdened
with sin,

Christ has redeemed you with
riches untold.

Call on him now while in mercy
he waits;

Cry, till the blessing on you He
bestow;

"Purge me with hyssop and I
shall be clean,

Wash me and I shall be whiter
than snow."

—J. W. K.

The Question of the Ages

(Concluded)

"The hands may slip, bleed, freeze; but they will cling." Our humanity clings; our divinity clings; our instinct, nestling in the arms of Him who gave it, clings; our brute nature knows nothing but to cling; it is the last fine finish of knowledge, and with all we have and are we cling. We recognize the courtesy of Intellect, but we prefer the warm hand-clasp of Faith. Against the rock of faith in the Omnipotent, the negation of death dashes and seethes away like a broken wave. Philosophy may call Him the great Unknowable; Literature may regard Him as the soul of Nature; Science may tell us that God is out of date yet from the depths of our being, we believe anyhow.

Do you ask, whether God is good? If all our force and sensitiveness is but a waste, no! No, if hope is not argument and faith, not evidence! No, if black despair never turns to wild ecstasy! No, if love has no reward; purity no certain strength and faith, no throne, no—to our dying breath, no!

Do you ask is there a God of love at the heart of this world? Yes, for the chastening of time

is but a preparation for eternity! Yes, for the sum-total of God's splendid truth is the virile hope of a life without an end! Yes, for in the light of the Bible heaven, earth is transfigured and man stands dumb before his Maker. Yes, from the pit of despair, in the blackness of darkness, to the final gasp of endurance and the last throb of belief—yes! Philosophy! Our faith in the great Unknowable is more real than our sorrow. Literature! A galaxy slave with a heaven would not exchange place with your king without a heaven. Science! Even the delusion of eternal life we would not barter for annihilation! In the being and in the working of the man of faith there is a mystical something that pertains not to this wild, weird death-element of Time; a something that conquers Time and is and will be, when Time shall be no more.

Thus, to Him we bring the full measure of dread, the gloom of doubt, the torment of pain, the climax of sorrow and the fever of sin. Expectation may at times turn to anxiety, anxiety to dread, and dread to despair and the soul that knows itself a deathless thing may "see thru a glass darkly" now, but some day, some glad day, some perfect day, it shall stand undazzled in the in-

tolerable brightness of Him "who has brought life and immortality to light thru the Gospel," and "when time and earth yield at last to the strong, irresistible pressure of heaven and eternity, the whisper of the 'eternal goodness' shall charm our redeemed spirits as we pass out and on—and up—and in to where beyond these discordant voices there is true peace and unwearying toil!"

—Jacob Bos.

Reflections

Frequently a young speaker has a hard time "getting and keeping" his audience. This is painfully embarrassing to himself and often to not a few of his audience as well. He might lay the fault at the door of his listeners with profuse and abusive language, but this only augments the embarrassment of the situation. Perhaps, if he really knew himself, he would lay the fault at his own door and proceed to correct the fault in his next appearance before a public audience. To know himself, is in a large measure the correction itself. To know or properly appreciate his audience is doubtless as important.

The speaker's very first presentation of himself before the people whom he is about to ad-

dress creates a feeling— it may be friendly or adverse according to the spirit and attitude of the presentation— among his about to be listeners which almost invariably dominates throughout the discourse.

If he presents a stooped form physically, and sort of an attitude of apology in his language and facial expression, he is immediately put down as a weakling by his audience and a message according to his attitude of presentation is expected. And not very often is the audience dissatisfied. If he proceeds to apologize for what he is about to say, intelligent listeners wonder why he says anything at all. Indeed, why should any man speak that for which he must apologize? Perhaps the apology is insincere.

He may assume the opposite attitude—that of over self confidence and in this way also bore his audience. We are reminded of a young preacher in the Friends Church who was quite self confident in the presentation of himself when he preached his first sermon. But naturally he made a disastrous failure—as he deserved. At the close, he walked down the aisle with his head down in chagrin and embarrassment. Hereupon a saintly elder met him and said, "If thee had

gone up into the pulpit as thee came down, thee would have come down as thee went up." Surely, the audience felt as much chagrined and embarrassed as did the young preacher.

The subject matter of the address and the matter of presenting it also largely determine his "getting and keeping" or his *not* "getting and keeping" his audience. If there were only one side to a question or subject, then "cock sure" dogmatism on the part of the speaker might not be so serious an offence against the intelligence of the average audience. We were born to think and reason. A healthy mind is a critical mind. The truth or falsity of a statement or proposition cannot go unthought of or unquestioned by a mind in some degree cultivated to think. An infant child alone of normal human beings should be expected to be passive in its mental states relative to the truth or falsity of that which is presented before it. The speaker who gives forth the product of his own thinking—though it may be biased or unbiased in so far as this is possible in the mental conclusion of an individual—as an absolute and infallible *ipse dixit*, can only expect a mighty current of psychic reaction from the minds

of a rational audience. Excepting conclusions reached by an intelligent and inspired faith, a mind of high intelligence learns in proportion to the height of its intelligence, to be less dogmatic in its conclusions reached through experience, research or inference. We all must acknowledge the immeasurable possible height and depth of thought relative to truth and its opposite. The only wise attitude for anyone to take toward the unbounded resource of thought, is that of student—of an humble enquirer. With this in mind, no public speaker can fail to "get and keep" his audience as he speaks in a proper manner from a rational subject.

—W. W. L.

Do We Need the Gospel?

A pastor of a church in a near by town was passing out some printed invitations to the Sunday services, to the workmen at a glass factory. At the top of the card was printed "Belshazzar's Feast." The title interested some of the young people who thought it was an event in the near future. Finally one, addressing the minister, said, "Say, Mister, can us kids get in on that feed?"

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